

were to die in half an hour [don't be alarmed] of who knew you, except two or three of your bosom friends, who, partly from being somewhat dull, and partly from wishing to be decent might whine—would walk along George's Street at the fashionable hour of three, the very day after your funeral. Nor would it ever enter their heads to abstain from a dinner at the Club, ordered perhaps by yourself a fortnight ago, at which time you were in rude health, merely because you had foolishly allowed a cold to fasten upon your lungs, and carry you off in the prime and promise of your professional life. . . . And when, but a week after taking farewell of her, we went, according to our trust, to fold her in our arms, and was told by her father that she was dead,—ay, dead—that she had no existence—that she was in a coffin,—when we awoke from the dead fit in which we had lain on the floor of that cottage, and saw her in her grave clothes within an hour to be buried—when we stood at her burial, and knew that never more were we or the day to behold her presence—we learned how immeasurably misery can surpass happiness—that the soul is ignorant of its own being, till all at once a thunder stone plunges down its depths, and groans gurgles upwards upbraiding heaven.

#### From Ainsworth's Magazine.

##### WINDSOR.

Windsor, or Wyndeshore, so called from the winding banks of the river flowing past it, was the abode of the ancient Saxon monarchs; and a legend is related by William, of Malmesbury, of a woodman named Wulwin, who being stricken with blindness, and having visited eighty-seven churches and vainly implored their tutelary saints for relief, was at last restored to sight by the touch of Edward the Confessor, who further enhanced the boon, by making him the keeper of his palace at Windsor. But though this story may be doubted, it is certain that the pious king above mentioned granted Windsor to the abbot and monks of St. Peter at Westminster, "for the hope of eternal reward, the remission of his sins, the sins of his father, mother, and all his ancestors, and to the praise of Almighty God, as a perpetual endowment and inheritance."

#### From the Life of a Travelling Physician.

##### AN ARMY OF LOCUSTS.

It was about three o'clock, or perhaps a little later, and in the distance was a hill, the only elevation we had seen since we left Lemberg. I was riding upon the outside of the calash, reading a book, and as we rolled slowly along I perceived a large black cloud lying upon the top of the hill. I first thought it betokened a thunder storm, a daily occurrence during the whole of our journey. I was, however, struck with the motion of the cloud, which seemed to assume all shapes, lengthening and contracting, and throwing itself into various contortions. I knew not to what this could be attributable, but of course immediately referred it to the annual and unerring cause which accounts for all physical phenomena—*electricity*. As I was still gazing upon it, the calash suddenly stopped, and Count——, who was in the van, beckoned me to him. "Do you see that large black cloud in the distance, Doctor?" I had been watching it for some time, I answered. "Well, what do you think of it?" It is not difficult to say what it is, but I am puzzling my brains to find out what causes it to make such evolutions; and as I spoke, it suddenly tapered into a long string. "Now look at them upon wing. I hardly ever saw such an army in the air. We shall hear what devastation they have done before we get to Odessa. Wee to him on whose fields they alight—not a green thing will remain."

The party soon reached Severinowka, but the locusts were before them. They dined with the Count's uncle, was to give them "forty different kinds of wine, to drink, and thirty-nine of them detestable," according to the promise of the doctor's patient. But Ceres was in each danger, that we hear little of Bacchus. The Count and the Physician, not into the cellar, but into the garden:— It is almost impossible to hope for credence from those who had not been eye witnesses of the sight which the garden presented. The whole of the surface was covered, ankle deep, with these insects, clambering pell mell over each other, but all proceeding in the same direction. They did not allow us to tread upon them, but, on our approach, rose on wing with a whizzing sound, and flying forwards over the heads of the main body, settled down again in the manner in which they alight from the wing; the first rank pitches upon the ground, and the others do not follow the train, but precede it, alighting one before the other, so that they are upon the field. The sight of them upon the trees was most curious. The branches were bent to the ground by the incumbent weight, and the Italian poplars resembled weeping willows, from their lighter branches being reversed by the weight of the locusts. Several trees were already completely bared, and the locusts destroy much more than it con- siders. It gnaws the stem of the leaf, and not almost entire, its stalk only having been eaten. When the insects are browsing upon the trees, the ground is not merely settled upon, but the locusts hold fast to their food, and leave their hold. This was indeed a curious and amusing experiment, for it was something like magic to see a tree throw up its branches off. Their instruments of destruction must be

very tough, for many is the stalk of a large sunflower which I have seen gnawed through by these insects. They seem, indeed, to be particularly fond of the stalk of this flower, and, as several are employed upon it at the same time, it soon breaks where the part is weakened by their gnawing; and it is curious to see the insects rise suddenly in the air when put to flight by this unexpected accident.

To this we shall append a few general remarks:—

Volney has given an accurate description of these insects in his Travels in Syria, and mentioned several facts which I witnessed. He observes that they are accompanied in their flight by birds the size of a thrush, which devour them and make continual war against them. These birds are cherished by the peasants in Syria, and so they are by the people in this country. I have watched them for hours, but must confess I never saw them make much havoc in the ranks of the enemy. Some few would drop maimed upon the ground, but I never saw more than twenty of these birds at a time, and what could twenty do against millions? I think the destructive power of the birds has been overrated. As Volney observes, the locusts are sometimes carried by the wind towards the sea, and, being exhausted before they reach the opposite shore, fall dead into the deep and are washed ashore by the tide, producing a foul infection. I have understood that this is also the case upon the borders of the Black sea. When they arrive in full force in a country which is at all populous, the inhabitants drive them away by making noises with marrow bones and cleavers, &c. They also burn straw, or sedge, or whatever might fuel they may possess, to smoke them out. All these efforts go but a little way to accomplish their end, for the locusts, driven from one field proceed to another, and wherever they appear, it may be truly said in the language of Scripture, that "The land is before them as the Garden of Eden, and behind them a desolate wilderness." It is more easy to destroy them in their yet imperfect state, or before they have wings. They walk along the ground in myriads before they can fly, and always proceed en masse, in one direction; their march is very slow, and they do not skip as grasshoppers do. The French word *sauterelle*, is certainly a misnomer. In our route to Severinowka, we saw great quantities of them along the road side, in a direct line of march. At this period it is possible to destroy great numbers by preceding them and cutting deep trenches across their path; they all walk into the trench, where they find lighted straw to receive and consume them. This is a common and most effectual way. Upon the same principle, a person in Odessa invented a long iron roller, which was to be dragged with horses at full pace over their marching armies. All the means however, resorted to at present, are more plausible than effectual, and have only destroyed the hundreds to see the millions vanquish. \* \* \* It is asserted that when they have devoured all that is green upon the face of the earth, and are unable to procure more food, they are pushed by hunger to prey upon each other; the weak and the wounded thus feed the strong, as is the case with quadrupeds under similar pressure of want. The same cause which compels them to consume each other, has often compelled the inhabitants of Syria, in cases of famine, to consume them. They actually grind the dried bodies of the locusts, and knead them into a cake. Hunger will break through stone walls, and locusts and human bones have been found preferable to starvation; and this may be understood by those who have felt what hunger is. But to eat locusts by choice, when corn, wine, and oil are in abundance, appears almost incredible. We must at least say that it is very bad taste. Yet I know a nobleman, of high rank and consideration, who repaired to Syria, and dressed and lived as the natives. But he wished to imitate St. John in the wilderness, and amused himself by eating these insects and wild honey; a more disgusting mouthful cannot be well imagined than one of these long, horny, scaly, insects, from whose mouth oozes, upon the least pressure, a viscid fluid of the colour of treacle. We were conversing upon the history of locusts, and lamenting the ravages which they committed, when the steward was announced. He came to report upon the mischief they had done upon the estate. He informed us that the whole crop was destroyed, and that, for the distance of several versts, not a head of corn was to be found upon the stalk; every ear of it had been gnawed off by these destructive insects.

##### DESCRIPTION OF COUNTRIES.

England is a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, a universal country house. France is a rich farm, tending to turn itself into a manufactory. Germany is an ill-cultivated field, because they are philosophers and not peasants who till it. Southern Italy is a villa in ruins. Northern Italy is an artificial prairie. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenters' yards. Poland is a sandy heath. Russia is an ice-house. Switzerland is a chalet. Greece is a field in a state of nature. Turkey is a field fallow.

##### TRANSPPOSITION OF LETTERS.

By the transposition of letters, fifty-nine words can be made from one word containing seven letters and being two syllables, namely, REMAINS:—the words are, main, aim, rain, man, ream, ram, is, ear, an, air, rim, scam, am, mar, sea, in, me, are, name, mire, remain, mea, rein, same, ran, sam, smear, raise, scar, rise, ire, mane, sir, mare, sin, raise, sire, arms, rime, anise, arise, ears, i, arise, ineam, manes, names, marine, mien, resin, miner, snare, miser, mine, sene, mein, manse, Amen!

##### THE GRUMBLERS.

"We shall never see such times again!"

"The world isn't what it used to be." "When I was a boy, things had'n't come to this pass." "The world gets wickeder and wickeder." Since the builders of Babel were scattered, these thoughts have been voiced in every tongue. From the very discontent and fantasticalness of his nature, man looks backward at the lost Paradise of another age. He affects to sniff the odour of its fruits and flowers, and with a melancholy shaking of the head, sees, or thinks he sees, the flashing of the fiery swords that guard them. And then in the restlessness of his heart, in the peevishness and discontent of his soul, he says all sorts of bitter things of the generation he has fallen among; and from the vanished glory of the past, predicts increasing darkness for the future. Happily, the prophesying cannot be true.

#### Jest and Earnest: A Series of Sketches, by Arthur Wallbridge.

##### UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.

A Pawnbroker's Shop is a History of the Neighbourhood, and its pages are "Pledges." It is a motly and curious register, and may provoke sighs and smiles. Shall we dip into it. This picture was the great hope and solace of a talented, but very poor artist, painted in the intervals that he could snatch from the drudgery of his profession, and from sleep. He had placed all his desire for fame on the embodiment of a grand historical subject, whilst he was content to paint portraits in the mean time for subsistence. Think how he must have felt when compelled by stern necessity to raise money on this darling and yet unfinished work—his future recompense for all present poverty and obscurity! He lives but in the hope of redeeming it and carrying out his design. May he do so! and may the public look on the picture in the gallery with half the fondness of the lonely painter in his studio! This emerald ring was placed, in the person of her waiting-maid, by the mother of a family, that she might pay Mrs. Jones the amount of her losses at short whist. She pathetically laments to her husband the unaccountable disappearance of the ring, and rather thinks she must have dropped it in the hackney-coach last Wednesday evening. As a contrast to this gambling wife, hear the act of a virtuous and loving young wife. This diamond necklace was the gift of her husband on their wedding-day; and she has borrowed money on it, and secretly paid an honest and unavoidable debt of her husband, which she knew weighed on his mind. She intends to surprise him by the present of the receipt on the anniversary of their marriage. This gold snuffbox was stolen from a rich, good natured old bachelor, by his trusty factotum Timothy, who is continually hinting to his master, that John is not to be trusted. That splendid military cloak was left here yesterday by a "man about town," who perhaps may call for it to-morrow. He is an adventurer by profession. When flush of money he dresses superlatively, and drinks claret and champagne; when, on the contrary, coin is scarce, he wears a thread-bare frock coat, and patronizes Barclay and Perkins. He is condemned for his sins to a sort of moral treadmill—perpetually mounting Fortune's ladder, but always finding himself, the next minute, at the bottom. This battered Dutch clock was pledged, with the utmost agony of reluctance, by a rich old miser, that he might pay the doctor to keep body and soul together a little longer. He was attacked by a sudden and alarming illness, in consequence of having dined the preceding day on stale mussels, and was reduced to the ruinous expedient of parting with his clock, as his property is laid out so cleverly at interest, that he leaves himself almost starving. And yet, amidst all his want and poverty, he is mightily consoled by the reflection that he is a rich man. This gold eye-glass was deposited here, on the morning of Epsom races, by a broken down gambler, that he might bet a sovereign on a favorite horse. But, alas! no judgement can guard against accidents, and uncertain are all turf bets; for his favorite horse had been on the night before, cleverly and most successfully hounded. Yonder blue coat was pledged by Pat Ryan, that he might buy the wedding ring for his dear Nora. This provident couple will begin the world completely uncumbered by the cares of wealth. Here is a large brass-clasped Bible, whose leaves are blistered with tears. It was pledged by a girl to procure medicines for her sick mother. Almost as soon would the old woman have parted with her life, as with this valued relic of former and more prosperous days. She had preserved it through all the changes of fortune, and had communed with it as her best friend during her present illness. But it was of no use; she died four days afterwards. When she pawned her Bible, she parted with her last hope—and yet you may have it for a few shillings. Of such materials is made up a Pawnbroker's shop. Our laughter, our pity, and our indignation, are called forth by turns; and still, whilst we moralize, the concern prospers, and victim succeeds victim without end.

##### A LOUNGE IN REGENT STREET.

It is four o'clock in the month of May; and you are inclined to study characters! Take my arm, and let us stroll to Regent street. Every rank in society, and every sort in each rank, there exhibits its specimen. Patricians and plebeians, fashionables, and unfashionables, rogues, and true men, are mixed up in one moving throng. Natives and multitudinous foreigners, contribute to a strange polyglot gabble, and hissing English, nasal French, and guttural German, alternately strike on the ear. The rattling of carriages blends with the hum of voices, and all is animation and gaiety. Now we tread the broad flags of Regent street, and are a part of the crowd. Let us proceed from the Quadrant to the crossing of Oxford street, and see what we can see by the way. At first

the whole appears incomprehensible confusion, but in a short time, we are aware of its division into two great orders—the Riders and the Walkers. The aristocrats occupy the road, and the democrats the trotter. Wheel and horse hoof support the great one, who despondingly look down; Wellingtons and Bluchers support the small ones, who admiringly look up. Yet, six months back, many of the riders were walkers; and six months hence many of the walkers will be riders. These little changes are frequent, and add much to life's variety. Now let me tell you something of these people. We will keep to our philosophical division, and commence with the first class—the Riders—the distinguished occupants of the road. In the approaching carriage is Miss Seraphina Delmore, who is passing her first spring in town. She has already succeeded in fascinating considerably a wealthy baronet, who, as all her friends say, would be "an excellent match." To be sure, he is sixty years of age—but the daughter of a poor country gentleman must not mind these things. Besides, it may be reasonably hoped that he will die before long; and then Miss Seraphina Delmore can then bestow herself, in the full lustre of her charms, upon an earl of seventy; and so raise herself at once into the peerage. Who, then, can say she has not sold herself well? The gentleman who rides the white horse with so much grace, is Sir Alfred Vernen, whose fame consists in his being the exquisite of the day. How tastefully, yet how quietly he is dressed. The elegance of each detail, and the perfection of the *tout ensemble*, are the result of long and intense study. Those slightly-waving and careless ringlets, have not attained that happy arrangement without much thought; that eminently becoming and unique beaver was manufactured from a pattern designed by himself, and embodying his idea of what a hat should be. And yet, all perfect as he is—unrivalled as he most know his appearance at this moment to be—his mind is ill at ease, for he sadly fears a stray black has settled on the tip of his nose, and that, unconsciously applying his finger to the place, he has enlarged it into a smear. The disconsolate widow, who follows the disconsolate dandy, has come here to indulge herself with a view of the fashions, from which she is at present debarred. She is mortified to see her friends dressed so elegantly; but consoles herself with the idea of the triumphs she will achieve when she can throw her odious mourning aside. Observe that old gentleman in the open carriage, who is buried in melancholy meditation. Some time ago he turned his only son out of doors for obstinately presuming to love a charming girl, somewhat beneath him in rank. Three months after, this prudent father married his own cook; and his present reverie is caused by an unpleasant suspicion, that a man may be a fool at sixty-four. Do you see in the bright yellow chariot, that man who is so gorgeously dressed, and who appears to be contemplating, with much complacency, the diamond ring which adorns his finger? It is Mr. Jacob Hobbs, the bill-broker, who, a very short time ago, was vulgar—horrid, detestable—nobody knew him—he was a savage! Now, he is really gentlemanly and agreeable; he has five dinner invitations every day; and is considered a very good fellow. And how was this metamorphosis effected? How was this sudden improvement wrought in his manners? Bah! There is no metamorphosis at all; his manners are now as they ever were; but his uncle died in India the other day, and Mr. Jacob Hobbs is unmarried.

#### THE DOCTOR'S APPRENTICE AND THE DOCTOR'S BOY.

Mr. Jasper Jones has been flattening his nose against the glass for the last half, anxiously waiting the return of the boy, in order that he (Mr. Jasper Jones) may make his *toilette*. Pretty Miss Herringbone, the milliner, has called for "a pen'orth of salts of lemon much to the annoyance of Mr. Jasper Jones, who would not have served her in *deshabille*, if he could have helped it, for the best Cuba that ever was smoked! At the sight of the boy, Mr. Jasper Jones's face matches the curtain—it becomes luminous as a show bottle. The door opens, and as the boy enters, he receives an impetus that nearly prostrates him. "You take it easy, Sir," remarks Mr. Jasper Jones. "What's made you so long, eh? You've been stopping to count your buttons, I suppose? Have you been to Woburn place?" "Yes, sir." "And Bow-street?" "Yes, sir." "And Charlotte-street?" "Yes, sir." "And St. Paul's churchyard?" "Yes, sir." "And Bond-street?" "Yes, sir." "And all the other places, you *lazy* cub?" "Yes, sir." "Have you cleaned the knives?" "Yes, sir." "And the boots?" "Yes, sir." "And the windows?" "Yes, Sir." "Washed the poodle?" "Yes, sir." "Fed the cat?" "Yes, sir." "And the parrot?" "Yes, sir." "Then dust the counter, you *idle* scamp; and don't ring me down to give change for a sovereign."

##### THE COVETOUS MAN.

If you should see a man that had a large pond of water, yet living in continual thirst, not suffering himself to drink half a draught for fear of lessening his pond; if you should see him wasting his time and strength in fetching more water to his pond; always thirsty, yet always carrying a bucket of water in his hand; watching early and late to catch the drops of rain, gazing after every cloud, and running greedily into every mire and mud in hopes of water, and always studying how to make every ditch empty itself his pond; if you should see him grow grey and old in these anxious labours, and at last end a careful thirsty life, by falling into his own pond—would you not say that such a one was the author of all his own disquiet, but was foolish enough to be reckoned amongst idiots and madmen? But yet, foolish and ab-